



THE 1973 NIGHTMARE WINTER-SPECIAL

47775

75¢



T.M.

A SKYWALK HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION



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NIGHTMARE

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

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The Horror Tub

I LEFT MY HEART IN THE BURIAL PIT

the night of the
MONSTER EATERS

**DR PHIBES
RISES
AGAIN**

DIE MUMMY!

**BEWARE IT...FEAR IT...
IT SCREAMS!**

...welcome...
...to the

**1973
Winter
Special...**

...herein many awful
and weird things in
Abominable, Deep
Pits bid you
Drop In for a
Laugh, Chortle
or a Choke...

...this is the...

Nightmare in the Pit



...WHETHER MAN OR SCARECROW...



NUMBER ONE - 1973
WINTER SPECIAL

... LOVE IS NEVER HAVING TO SAY GOODBYE...

COME TO ME HARRYHAR...
DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE
YOUR QUEEN?...

... BUT YOU'RE
DEAD... YOU'VE
ALREADY BEEN
REANIMATED...

... IT'S NOT
POSSIBLE...

... TOO LONG HAVE I BEEN
AWAY FROM YOUR ARMS MY
LOVE... COME TO ME...

... COME TO ME... COME
AND LET US BECOME ONE
IN ETERNITY...

... AND SO STARTS, OR RATHER ENDS, OUR TALE—OF WAMP WHISSA DEWH... AN ADAMS TWINE AT FIRST WHOSE CLAIM TO FAME
FADING 50 YEARS AGO WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG, IF ONLY AT HEARTS AND SCRAMBLING AFTER THE ATTENTIONS OF A 20'S
WIZOM WHO NOW STUMBLES WITH EVERY STEP AND IS MADE TO ENDURE THE WRETCHED CRY:

DIE MUMMY!

ARTIST: JOHN DOLAN



WHY MACK? I'VE BEEN TO
JUST ABOUT EVERY PRODUCER...
DIRECTOR... MOVIE MACK IN
HOLLYWOOD AND I CAN'T EVEN
GET PASSED THE FRONT
DOOR...

...WHY?

BECAUSE YOU'RE
OLD!

YOU MAY FEEL YOUNG
INSIDE VANESSA... BUT
OUTSIDE YOU HAVE A
FEW TOO MANY YEARS
UNDER YOUR BELT...



I NEED
IT MACK...

...HELP ME...
PLEASE!



WELL, THERE'S ONE GUY THAT'S
STILL TRYING TO CAST A PART
THAT MIGHT FIT...
SCOTT
HENDERS...

HENDERS!
OH COME ON MACK...
YOU KNOW WHAT
KIND OF A REPUTATION
HE'S GOT... CHEAP
HORROR MOVIES...
WHAT'S HE CASTING
FOR?

...ANOTHER
RIDICULOUS
WILLBILLY HORROR
MOVIE?



BY GOD MACK-- IF ANYBODY WERE TO HAVE
TOLD ME AFTER I MADE 'THE OCEAN QUEEN'
THAT IT WOULD FINALLY
COME TO THIS
I'D...

VANESSA... LISTEN
TO ME...

... 'THE OCEAN QUEEN'
WAS MADE IN 1921... BUT
WAS FORTY... NO, FIFTY
ODD YEARS AGO...
FIFTY YEARS!

...FIFTY YEARS...



MACK-- TELL ME... HONESTLY... DO I LOOK
70 YEARS OLD?

...DO I?...

...NO...

...NO DEAR WOMAN... NO YOU
DON'T... I HAVE TO ADMIT...

WELL I AM 75... AND I'M DYING...
I ONLY HAVE A FEW MORE YEARS... I WANT
TO MAKE A COMEBACK...

...NOT JUST FOR THE MONEY... WHICH I ADMIT I
NEED... BUT ALSO BECAUSE... WELL-- I'M ALONE
IN THIS WORLD...
I NEED THE
COMPANY...

...THE
COMPANY OF
A MOVIE
AUDIENCE...
FANS... FAN
LETTERS...



YOU DON'T HAVE TOO MUCH CHOICE VANESSA... YOU'D DO
BEST TO TAKE WHAT YOU CAN GRAB...

'LIVING DEADLY'... IS THE
ONLY THING I KNOW
OF RIGHT NOW...







I CAN FEEL POWER
SURGE THROUGH
THESE OLD
BONES...

POWER THAT I
KNEW I WAS A
CANDID IN MY 20'S
AND 30'S...

THE ACHES AND PAINS
ARE GONE... THE SHAKING
TIREDENESS ABOUT MY BODY...
NOW I FEEL... ONLY AN
ULTIMATE INWARD
STRENGTH!

SHE HAS
ARISEN... THE
QUEEN HAS
ARISEN...

SHE MAKES
FOR THE PALACE
OF OUR LENSE
... SHE MUST BE
STOPPED...

OUT OF MY
WAY WITLESS
PAINFUL OF
A CRUEL
DESPOT...

...IT IS
HIS LIFE I
SEEK NOT
YOURS...

...IT IS NOT
POSSIBLE...
YOU'RE DEAD
...ABOUT TO
BE BURIED...

MY LIEGE I...
UUUUGGGHHH...

DEAD...
BUT NOT YET
BURIED MY
HUSBAND...

COME TO ME HARKHAS...
DO YOU NOT WANT MY LOVE
EVEN NOW... I HAVE RETURNED
FROM BEYOND TO SAVE YOU MY
LOVE... COME TO ME...
COME...

YOU STILL
DO NOT CARE TO
GARESS ME...

...CHOKING
ME... CAN'T
BREATHE...
GUARDS...
GUARDS...

THE MUMMY IS
TOO POWERFUL
LEISE... WE CAN'T
EVEN MOVE IT...

DIE... DIE...
YOU CRIMINAL...

...YOU REJECTED
MY LOVE... YOU
SPURNED MY
BEAUTY...

GET HER
OFF... GET
HER OFF ME
... SHE'S
CHOKING
ME...

...NOW
YOU WILL
DIE!



MY BLADE
WILL NOT FORCE
THE ARMS OF THE
MONSTER.

PERHAPS
NOT PERCE IT...
...BUT
CERTAINLY
IT CAN...

... STRIKE
IT!

WHILE IT IS
DOWN... RIP OFF
THE BANDAGES... RIP
THE WRAPPINGS
OFF...

PERHAPS IT CAN
BE STOPPED IF ITS
NAKED CORPSE IS
EXPOSED TO THE
ANGER OF THE
GODS!



NOOPS...
I DO NOT
THREATEN
YOU...

GOOOOOH!



NO...
LEAVE ME...
...LEAVE
ME BE...

...I WILL
RETURN NOW
PEACEFULLY
TO MY TOMB
IF YOU WILL
ONLY LEAVE
ME BE...



CLD HER DOWN...
SHE'S GOT THE
STRENGTH OF A
LUNATIC...

...GAIN... DEAD
... NOW SHE'S SCHE
MID-- ATTACKED
EVERYONE ON THE SET
...EVER SINCE SHE WANTED
TO PLAY THE ROLE OF THE
MUMMY REBELS SHE'S
NOT MADE ANY
SENSE!

24



SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS
SR...

GET THOSE
WRAPPINGS OFF
...GIVE HER SOME
AIR...



...ON MY
GOD...

A MANN-FED
CORPSE
NOTHING BUT...
BUT...

...NOTHING BUT DEATH... FOR THE
VAMP HAS HEARD THE CALL FROM
ANOTHER PLACE AND HAS ANSWERED
IT... WITH A SMILE ON HER LIPS AND
A GENTLE GOODBYE IN HER HEART...

... SHE HAS LIVED HER LAST ROLE...
LIVED THE PERFORMANCE OF HER
LIFE AS THE DEATH-MUMMY...

...AND HERE... IT IS **THE END**

DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN!

by
ALAN HEWETSON

This is the return of **VINCENT PRICE** as **DR. ANTON PHIBES**, the maniac who delights on obscene tortures, which he rationalizes in the name of justice for his dead wife **VICTORIA**, who he is attempting to restore to life. **PHIBES** is a brutal murderer, a sadist, and an absolute lunatic. In his first film in 1971 'THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES' he was just as devious and perverted, but didn't go for so many of the frequent well choreographed dance steps which he does in this new production.



SEE

THE GAMES OF THE IMAGINATION

SEE

THE CLIMAX OF THE TITANIC

SEE

THE USE OF THE GUN



SEE

THE AGONY OF THE GUN

SEE

THE BEST OF THE GUN

'DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN' probably isn't really one of the greatest films ever made, but as entertainment it is hard-to-match, with numerous dance numbers, soliloquies, organ recitals and a number of close-ups of **VINCENT PRICE** making macabre gestures to this air. This plus an endless series of utterly barbaric murder and torture scenes devised by screenwriters **ROBERT FUEST** and **ROBERT BLEES**, who are undoubtedly relatives of the **MARQUIS DE SADE**, suggests we start our review by suggesting that 'DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN' is a film we recommend you see.

DEATH! TORTURE! MURDER MOST FOUL!

Dr. Phibes is amusing himself again.



JAMES H. NICHOLSON and JIMMYE L. JARROLD Present

DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN!

VINCENT PRICE ROBERT QUARRY

PETER CUSHING SERLE RED TERRY THOMAS



This is **DR. ANTON PHIBES** portrayed by vicious **VINCENT PRICE**, who brings to the screen a new and wild personal brand of MADNESS!



VINCENT PRICE is **DR. PHIBES**. VALLI KEMP as his dumb (literally) girl assistant **VULNAVIA**. These two people are very weird murderers who devise continued means to slaughter people who try to stop them from reviving to life **PHIBES'** dead wife **VICTORIA**. The people who get in his way are: **ROBERT QUARRY** (who is at best ... dull) playing **BIEDERBECK**, a very old man who is trying to maintain his youth after he runs out of his (unexplained) youth serum, **FIONA LEWIS** (who is at best ... unimportant ... even when she's on the screen alone), **HUGH GRIFFITH** (who is at best ... comic relief ... though we're sure he wasn't intended to be), **PETER JEFFREY** and **JOHN CATER** (are both at best ... (a) an opportunity to introduce yourself to the person in the next seat, (b) get popcorn, or (c) have a short nap), guest appearances by **PETER CUSHING** as a ship's captain, **BERYL REID** as a strange-talking funny-old-woman, and **TERRY-THOMAS** as a shipping company salesman, are quite worthwhile and keep you awake during non-**PHIBES** murder sequences.

PHIBES is quite inventive ... he slices through a man's head by a golden snake which is driven out of a telephone earpiece; he sand-blasts the meat off a man's bones, implements an ordinary bed to squash a man into a tiny tube, shoves a man inside a gin bottle, and attacks a guy with an eagle which, after killing its victim, slowly picks open his chest and rips out intestines, flesh and veins and a lot of the guy's heart-muscle.



... **MILTON REID** plays Biederbeck's 'slave' Chong and is first to fall victim to Phibes' maraudal tortures ...



... **BIEDERBECK** (**ROBERT 'COUNT YORGA' QUARRY**) discovers the remains of a Phibes act of torture ... the skull remains of a man who was sand-blasted ...



... the motive for **BIEDERBECK'S** and **PHIBES'** actions is to save their loves from death ... **BIEDERBECK**, who is portrayed as being as vile as **PHIBES** in the film turns out at the end to think more of his betrothed than of himself.



DR. PHIBES is always accompanied by **VULNAVIA (VALLI KEMP)** who executes a fine choreography score, which has nothing to do with the film but it sure-is-nice to look at!



DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN is a presentation of **NICHOLSON** and **ARKOFF** ... starring **VINCENT PRICE**, **PETER CUSHING**, **ROBERT QUARRY**, **VALLI KEMP**, **BERYL REID**, **TERRY THOMAS** and **HUGH GRIFFITH** ... based on characters created by **JAMES WHITON** and **WILLIAM GOLDSTEIN** ... nice photography by **ALEX THOMSON** ... good make-up by **TREVOR CROLE-REES** ... from **AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL**

...THERE ARE MANY MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS ON THE SAME NEWSSTANDS AS *PERIOD*... ONE SUCH EXAMPLE IS A NEELY THROLOD THAT SOMEWHAT RESEMBLES THIS...

...AND SO WE START OUR TALE...

20¢

TRUE: THEY LEFT A SCALPEL
STUCK IN MY HEART WHEN
THEY OPERATED ON MY
APPENDIX.

SEE PAGE 95

INTERNATIONAL INQUIRER

INTERNATIONAL EDITION

NEW YORK

AUGUST 26, 1972

I LEFT MY HEART IN THE BURIAL PIT, I HAD NO CHOICE

TRUE:
I ATE MY
OWN BRAIN
AND LIVED
TO TELL OF
IT

PAGE 6
TRUE:
I KILLED 183
PEOPLE IN A
BAR BEANAL
PAGE 4

TRUE:
THE TRUTH
BEHIND THE
MYTH ABOUT
GARGOYLE
EGGS?

PAGE 23
TRUE:
ARCHAIC AL
HAS BEEN
DEAD 43
YEARS?

PAGE 21
TRUE:
FANGS DOES
NOT EXIST?

NEW YORK, AUG. 24. - A FIVE
YEARS AGO THIS INTERNATIONAL
INQUIRER REPORTER, WHO THE
PRIVILEGE OF WRITING THE
MADNESS AND WILL-PUBLISHED
HEADLINE STORY, I CUT OUT
HER BRAIN AND STOMPED
ON IT... BUT NEVER WAS SO
GRUESOME A STORY COME TO
MY ATTENTION AS THE ONE THAT
DID JUST YESTERDAY WHEN I
INVESTIGATED THE PUDGOW
CASE... MY HEADLINE IS: I
LEFT MY HEART IN THE
BURIAL PIT, I HAD NO CHOICE

... A MACABRE SATIRY-TESTING
TRUE TALE MY OWN MOTHER
WOULDN'T BELIEVE... I FOUND
OUT ABOUT THE MESS WHEN I
INVESTIGATED THE PUDGOW
CASE YESTERDAY ON THE
LOWER EAST SIDE... WHERE
POLICE SPOTTED IN AN
ABANDONED WAREHOUSE, 7
DEAD GARGOYLES WITH
THEIR THROATS RIPPED
OUT... AND LONG HEARD THEM
2 CRISPY CORPSES... THEIR
HEARTS MORIBUNDLY CUT OUT.
THE FOLLOWING STORY IS THE
RESULT OF PAINSTAKING
RESEARCH AND I JUST KNOW
I'M GOING TO GET ANOTHER
JOURNALISM AWARD FOR
WRITING THIS GARGOYLE BUT
TRUE TALE BECAUSE JUST
LIKE THE LAST ONE I WROTE
IT IS AN UNADULTERATED
PRICE OF...

... STORY CONTINUED ON
PAGE 90...



THERE ARE MANY HYPERBOXES IN OUR ANDER, SAYS PROFESSOR IRWIN WILLIAMS WHO RECENTLY RETURNED FROM A
VACATION IN PLATTSBURG NEW YORK WHERE HE SAYS HE WAS ATTACKED BY SEVERAL GENTLEMEN CARRYING SPARKS SMALL
CANNON, AND SHOUTING BOW TO ALL NEW YORK DOCTORS. THIS DISTURBED PROFESSOR WILLIAMS WHO IS A NATIVE OF
QUEENS... CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

ALAN JONE
HEWITSON + GAIL

...CREEPS...

I'M SORRY-- I'M SORRY I MADE HIM WELCH ON YOU...

DON'T GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEELS TO THOSE CREEPS BART...

YOU GOTTA UGLY MOUTH RUSSIAN...

DON'T HURT HIM PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T HURT HIM!

UHHH...

HURT HIM? HAH-- HE CANNA BUST HIS HEAD OPEN.

...CREEPS...

I'M SORRY-- I'M SORRY I MADE HIM WELCH ON YOU...

DON'T GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEELS TO THOSE CREEPS BART...

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YOU GOTTA UGLY MOUTH RUSSIAN...

DON'T HURT HIM PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T HURT HIM!

US4444

HURT HIM? HA-- HE CANNA BUST HIS HEAD OPEN.

Panel 1:

...DREEPS...

I'M SORRY-- I'M SORRY I MADE HIM WELCH ON YOU...

DON'T GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES TO THOSE CREEPS BABY...

Panel 2:

YOU GOTTA UGLY MOUTH RUSSIAN...

UGHHH

DON'T HURT HIM PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T HURT HIM!

BEEHIVE

HURT HIM? HAH-- HE'S GONNA BUST HIS HEAD OPEN.

Panel 1:

...DREEPS...

I'M SORRY-- I'M SORRY I MADE HIM WELCH ON YOU...

DON'T GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES TO THOSE CREEPS BABY...

Panel 2:

YOU GOTTA UGLY MOUTH RUSSIAN...

UGHHH

DON'T HURT HIM PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T HURT HIM!

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HURT HIM? HAH-- HE'S GONNA BUST HIS HEAD OPEN.

Panel 1:

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I'M SORRY-- I'M SORRY I MADE HIM WELCH ON YOU...

DON'T GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES TO THOSE CREEPS BABY...

Panel 2:

YOU GOTTA UGLY MOUTH RUSSIAN...

UGHHH

DON'T HURT HIM PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T HURT HIM!

BEEHIVE

HURT HIM? HAH-- HE'S GONNA BUST HIS HEAD OPEN.

YOUR HEART HUH?

NO... WE'RE IN LOVE... ABOUT TO BE MARRIED... I TOLD HIM IF HE WANTED MY HEART HE'D HAVE TO GO STRAIGHT...

... IT'S MY HEART...

WELL HEH... ALWAYS ONE GOT TO MAKE A GAL HAPPY...

I GONNA GIVE YOU HIS HEART...

YOUR HEART HUH?

NO... WE'RE IN LOVE... ABOUT TO BE MARRIED... I TOLD HIM IF HE WANTED MY HEART HE'D HAVE TO GO STRAIGHT...

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... IT'S MY HEART...

WELL HEH... ALWAYS ONE GOT TO MAKE A GAL HAPPY...

I GONNA GIVE YOU HIS HEART...









MY GOD... HE
WASN'T DEAD...

BUT WHY AM I NOT
DEAD... I AMN' JUST
A CORPSE...

THERE IS NO POINT
TO MY BEING
UNDAD IF I
CANNOT BE
WITH MY
ROMEO...

NO
POINT!



Oh...



THEY CUT OUT
MY HEART...



OH...

HOW IS IT?
IS IT I CANNOT AFFORD
TO DIE?...

WHY IS IT... I SEEM
TO NEED...
REVENGE...



JULIET!

Oh...
ROMEO...

...ON JULIET... YOU
CUT OUT YOUR
HEART!...

I WANTED
IT TO BE WITH
YOURS...

...A SYMBOL--
OF OUR LOVE...

... NOW -- TOGETHER --
WE CAN EXIT THIS
BURIAL PIT...

- TOGETHER... WE CAN
HAVE OUR REVENGE...

--WE WILL HAVE TO LEAVE OUR
HEARTS IN THIS BURIAL PIT, WE HAVE NO
CHOICE... BUT WE NEED NO HEARTS
TO DO WHAT WE MUST DO...



... NO STRANGER HEADLINE WAS APPEARED IN ANY
TABLOID NEWSPAPER... NO MORE MACABRE TALE
HAS EVER BEEN TOLD... BUT THE EDITORS OF THE
INTERNATIONAL INQUIRER SWEAR ON THEIR
MOTHER'S GRAVES IT IS AN ABSOLUTELY TRUE
STORY... AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US THERE'S
PROBABLY SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU ANYWAY
SO WE DON'T CARE...

... A SKYWALKER PUBLIC SERIES (WHICH MIGHT
BETTER BE TITLED FOR SATIRICAL PURPOSES:
THE HORROR AT THE NEWSTAND)...

... R.I.P...

BEYOND THE WALLS!!!

IN THE STRANGE, TIMELESS, PLEASANT CITY OF BRIDGES, THERE STANDS AN ANCIENT STONE HOUSE WHOSE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS WERE THE BLACK ARMOR MONKS. IN 1908, THE FORTRESS-LIKE ABBEY WAS PURCHASED, AND CONVERTED TO A BOARDING-HOUSE.

IT WAS UNWITTINGLY HOW THE GUESTS WOULD LEAVE BEFORE THEIR RENT WAS UP, AND GOD, HOW THEY ALL COMPLAINED OF AN UNWARRANTABLE STENCH THAT EMITTED FROM CERTAIN SECTIONS OF THE STONE-WORK!



IN A WILD ATTEMPT TO SAVE A FALTERING BUSINESS, THE OWNER SOUGHT THE ORIGIN OF THESE STRANGE WISPS OF PUTREFACTION.....

... ONLY TO FIND THE SKELETAL REMAINS OF SOME WELL-SPANNED CREATURE ENTOMBED BEYOND THE WALL COUNTLESS YEARS BEFORE !!!



THE MOST DAMNING EVIDENCE NEEDED TO CONDEMN A WITCH, OR SATANIST... WAS FOUND ON THE SKIN!! EARLY REPORTS TELL US THAT THESE STRANGE IMPERFECTIONS OF THE FLESH WERE WITH EACH INDIVIDUAL CASE ---- SOME APPEARED AS WARTS, OTHERS AS SCARS... BUT ALL WERE BRANDED AS...

MEPHISTO'S BRAND



FOR THOSE OF THE ACCUSED, WHOSE BODIES WERE FREE OF BLEMISHES, THE COURTS DECREED A NEW BELIEF! SATAN DISPENSED INVISIBLE IMPRINTS... RITCHES OF SKIN WHICH COULD NEVER FEEL PAIN!



EDDY & SAGE

HOW MANY OF YOU HAVE A WART... BIRTHMARK... SCAR... MOLE, OR STRANGELY SHAPED FRECKLE?? PERHAPS A RASH? BEWARE, DEAR READER!! BEWARE!!!!

...TAKE A LOOK 'ROUND THIS WEIRD, STARTLING ROOM...IT IS THE HOME FOR THIS WORLD'S MOST MAD COLLECTION OF ARCHAIC ARTIFACTS...

...THE FINEST OUT-OF-DATE RARE EDITIONS OF BLACK WORKS YOU WILL EVER HOPE TO FIND...

...THE ORIGINAL DEATH MASKS OF HISTORY'S MOST REKNOWN DESPOTS...MACABRE SAMPLERS FROM THE MINDS OF THE EARTH'S FINEST ILLUSTRATORS AND PAINTERS -- DALL, BOSCH, DAVIS AND GHASTLY INBELS...

...THE SKELETON OF VLAD THE IMPALER -- THE MAN WHO WAS IN LIFE THE AUTHENTIC *DRACULA*...

...THE HAND-SCRIPT BY GASTON LEROUX FOR HIS FAMOUS HORROR WORK *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*...

...AND SKULLS...KNIVES AND SWORDS...WEAPONS OF HORROR...INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE...COLLECTED FROM MAN'S HISTORY...

...COLLECTED FROM MAN'S *MACABRE* HISTORY...

...YET, FOR COLLECTOR-POSSESSOR HARLAN RUCK IT IS NOT ENOUGH...

...HE *NEVER* WAS ENOUGH...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN
YOU CAN'T GET IT?
...*WHY* WON'T HE SELL?
IT'S AN *INSANE* PRICE
I OFFERED HIM...

...I WANT IT...

...DAMNIT I
WANT IT...



The Horror Tub



...IT'S BEAUTIFUL ANGERS... SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL...

...I CAN SEE, MY FRIEND WHY YOU DON'T WANT TO SELL IT TO MY REPRESENTATIVES...

...YET THE PRICE I OFFERED YOU, MY FRIEND... IS MUCH HIGHER THAN ANYTHING INDOVER BY ANTOINE FOR A BOSCH PAINTING...

...YOU REALLY AREN'T IN ANY POSITION TO TURN ME DOWN...

I'M NOT THE WHITING COLLECTOR YOU ARE HARLAN...

I HAVE FEW INTERESTS THESE DAYS--ONE OF THEM IS THIS UNDISCOVERED MASTERPIECE OF HORROR BY HERONIMUS BOSCH...

...IT SAT IN A BRITISH LIBRARY STOCKROOM FOR 65 YEARS... I FOUND IT WHEN LOOKING FOR SOME THING ELSE... JUST LUCK THAT'S ALL...

...I'M SORRY HARLAN, YOU CAN DOUBLE YOUR PRICE AND I WON'T ACCEPT...

THERE ARE WAYS AND MEANS OF OBTAINING THINGS IN THIS WORLD... HUCK HAS THE MEANS... HE MERELY NEEDS A WAY...

...YET HE IS REMINDED OF CERTAIN PRINCIPLES HE HAD ON OTHER OCCASIONS OF NEED... AND THE AFTERNOON OF THAT SAME DAY HE WENT TO SEEK THEM OUT...

...SEND SOMEONE FOR TOMMY AN HIS PARTNER... I'LL WAIT IN THE CORNER BOOTH...



HELLO HUCK... GOT YOUR MESSAGE... YOU GOT A JOB IN MIND?

INDEED I DO FRIEND TOMMY; HAVE A SEAT... HAVE A DRINK...

YE PREFER...

...YOUR FRIEND TOO... WHAT'S HIS NAME?...

I PREFER NOT TO HAVE A NAME HUCK... IN THIS BUSINESS YOU DON'T NEED A NAME...

...ONLY A GUN...





HARLAN HUCK STORMED OUT THE ROOM THAT DAY... FURIOUS...
DETERMINED TO FIND A WAY TO MAKE THIS MACABRE
MASTERPIECE HIS OWN...
...DETERMINED TO POSSESS IT...





...OH MY GOD...
FIRE...
...MY COLLECTION...
OH GOD MY
COLLECTION...

YOU... HUCK...

FOR GOD'S SAKE...
PUT OUT THE FIRE...

...PUT IT OUT...
I'LL SELL THE PAINTING
TO YOU... GOD I SWEAR
I WILL...

SHUTUP
ANDERS...
IT'S TOO
LATE NOW...

GOD HUCK...
HAVE YOU NO
EMPATHY?
WHAT IF YOUR
COLLECTION BURNED...
PLEASE...

FOR
GOD'S SAKE
PLEASE...



...OMG!... SPREAD THE STUFF AROUND
MAKE SURE IT ALL BURNS UP... WE HAVE
TO MAKE IT LOOK REAL... UH
ANDERS STUMBLER... SMASHES HIS
HEAD AGAINST THE DOOR...

...YOU JUST ABOUT
READY TOMMY?

...YUP...



WHHUPPPPSHSHSH

...YOU DID A GOOD JOB FELLAHS...
THEY'LL NEVER TRACE ANYTHING
AND THEY'LL NEVER
SUSPECT ANYONE...

...Y'KNOW
THIS IS ALMOST
AS IMPORTANT
TO ME AS
OWNING THIS
PAINTING...

...THE FUN OF
COLLECTING...





...NOT MUCH LATER THAT NIGHT, HUCK HAS HIS PRIZE ON DISPLAY IN HIS "TROPHY ROOM"... IT HAD BEEN FOR BARLAN HUCK A NIGHT TRAGICALLY DANGEROUS... IT HAS WHET HIS APPETITE... HE PROMISES HIMSELF MORE ADVENTURES, WHETHER "NECESSARY" OR NOT...



...HOW MUCH LATER THAT NIGHT, BARLAN HUCK AWAKES TO A SOUND THAT IS HORRIBLY FAMILIAR TO HIM...







...YOU'RE... DEAD... GOD...

...NOT REALLY! HUCK,
NOT REALLY... NOT YET...

CAME OVER HERE TO
GIVE YOU A TASTE OF YOUR
OWN DISGUSTING
MEDICINE, HUCK...

YOUR FACE
ANDERS... YOUR
BODY...



...BUT PRETTY IS IT?

...MY FACE DOESN'T MUCH
MATTER, HUCK... ALL THAT
MATTERS IS YOUR **NICK**... I'M
GOING TO **WRING IT** HUCK...

NO... GOD...
HAVE PITY ANDERS...
HAVE PITY...

...IN THE MORNING WHEN THE SMOKE DESCENDED IN
JONES AROUND THE HOUSE THE FIREMEN RAN UP
THEIR CENES AND LEFT...

...THE FIRE CHIEF REMAINED TO TALK WITH THE POLICE
CHIEF... TRYING TO FIGURE OUT **WHY**...



...I DUNNO
CHESTER... LOOKS
LIKE ARSON...

...BUT THE ROOM...
WHAT ABOUT THE GUYS
FABULOUS **TROPHY**
ROOM?

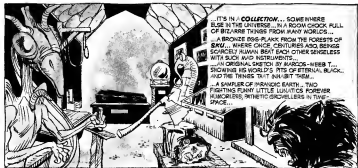
...I DUNNO... CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT...
SOME KIND OF EXPLOSION I GUESS...

...MUSTA BEEN **FORCE**... OUR MURDER
AND DYNAMITE IN THAT ROOM... NO
SIGN OF ANYTHING...

...JUST A HOLE...
JUST A HOLE WHERE
A ROOM ONCE
WAS...



THE ROOM ACTUALLY
IS SOMEWHERE ELSE...



...IT'S IN A COLLECTION... SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE UNIVERSE... IN A ROOM CHOCK FULL OF BIZARRE THINGS FROM MANY WORLDS...

...A BRONZE DGS-PLANK FROM THE FORESTS OF SKU... WHERE ONCE, CENTURIES AGO, BEINGS SCARCELY HUMAN BEAT EACH OTHER SENSELESS WITH SUCH MAD INSTRUMENTS...

...AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY MARCOS-NEEB T... SHOWING HIS WORLD'S PITS OF ETERNAL BLACK... AND THE THINGS THAT INHABIT THEM...

...A SAMPLER OF PRANDIO EARTH... TWO FIGHTING FUNNY LITTLE LUNATICS FOREVER HUMORLESS, RHYTHMIC GIOVILLERS IN TIME-SPACE...

I'LL KILL YOU ANDERS...

...GOD I'LL KILL YOU BEFORE I'LL LET YOU RUIN MY COLLECTION...

...YOU'RE PATHETIC HUCK...

SSSSSCHOOOFFF

...AND SO ENDS OUR TALE OF HARLAN HUCK... AN ODDITY IN THIS UNIVERSE WHOSE TOYS AND CURIOSITIES AND ARCHAIC ARTIFACTS ARE PERHAPS THE ONLY SHADOW OF VALUE WE HAVE...

...AND THUS, CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, WITHIN THIS GLASS TUB OF HORROR 2 HUMANS HAVE FINALLY BEEN MADE TO BE OF SOME VALUE IN THIS STRANGE ARENA OF LIFE -- WHERE -- HUMANITY IS THE LEAST VALUED THING OF



ON A SUNDAY NIGHT, MONDAY
MORNING THE 1st OF DECEMBER
1969 A SMALL WHITE VOLKSWAGEN
CAREFULLY WEAVES THRU THE
SNOW-COVERED ROADS OF UPPER
NEW YORK STATE... ON ITS
WAY, PERHAPS, TO...

THE EVENT IN THE NIGHT?



THE DRIVER IS TIRED... HE HAS
MANY MILES MORE TO TRAVEL
BEFORE HE REACHES THE BIG
CITY FOR THE CONVENTION
MANY MILES... MANY HOURS...



SO STARTS OUR
TALE OF DR. HENRY
WHITE... AT THE
TOP OF A CLIFF!!



GOD!

SLOW-OUT!!
HEADED TOWARDS A
GULLY... THAT FENCE
WILL NEVER HOLD. GOT
TO HOLD THE ANGEL IN
THE DIRECTION OF THE
SKID... GO BY THE DRIVER'S
MANUAL AND PRAY...



WHUCKKK
WHAMMM
--KKAK

AND SO STARTS
OUR TALE...



I'M ALIVE--
GOD--I'M
STILL ALIVE!



YOU OKAY?
ANYBODY HURT?
YOU ALONE?

YEH...
I'M
OKAY

LOOK AT
THE CAR. IT'S
WRECKED...
THE WHOLE SIDE
IS SMASHED UP.



GLASS WINDOWS AIN'T
EVEN BUSTED.
YOU OKAY?

YEH... I'M OKAY.
MY LEG HURTS... JUST
A SCRATCH ON MY KNEE.

THE WHOLE UNDERSIDE
OF THE CAR IS BESSED UP. WHEELS
POINTING IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.
IT'LL COST A BOMB TO GET IT
FIXED. ONLY COST ME \$300
IN THE FIRST PLACE.

WIGHT AS WELL
JUST CLUMPT IT IS
THERE A MOTEL
AROUND HERE?
SAV A TOWN ABOUT
3 MILES BACK THERE
ON THE HIGHWAY. IF
YOU'D BE KIND ENOUGH
TO DRIVE ME TO...

NOT AT ALL... YOU COME AN'
STAY WITH THE WIFE AN' WE
NEVER MIND NO MOTEL. THE
HOUSE IS JUST UP THERE.
WIFE HEARD THE CRASH AN'
I COME RUNNING.

ARE YOU
SURE?
I MEAN, IT'S
AN IMPOSITION
SURELY...



LOTS A PEOPLE SMASH
UP HERE... THOSE THAT STILL
LIVE THE WIFE AN' ME JUST
PUT UP FOR THE NIGHT...



1 DEAD
THIS
YEAR...

3 OVER THE FENCE
INTO THE GULLY.
1 INTO THE WALL...



FIX US A COFFEE
MARY. THIS IS MY
WIFE MARY.

YOU OKAY
MR... MR P.

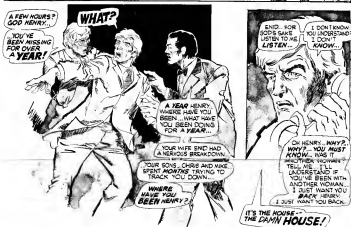
...AH... WHITE, DR. HENRY
WHITE... WAS ON MY WAY
TO A CONVENTION
IN NEW YORK.

WHEN YOU HIT SKULL
HILL SOMETHING
ALWAYS HAPPENS TO
PEOPLE ON SKULL HILL...



IN THE MORNING HENRY WHITE
GOT ON A GREYHOUND AND
CONTINUED HIS TRIP TO THE CITY.
THINKING ABOUT SKULL HILL,
ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS PHANTOM
SKULL HEAD THAT HAD POPPED
INTO HIS MIND AT THE MOMENT OF
IMPACT... REMEMBERING HOW IT
BURNED INTO HIS BRAIN...
...REMEMBERING HOW IT HAD
TAUNTED AND TEASED... NOW IT
HURT...

HE STROLLED INTO THE CONVENTION AT 3 IN THE AFTERNOON...



KNOWING FULL WELL HIS DUTY... HIS RESPONSIBILITY... WAS TO RETURN TO HIS WIFE AND BOYS... KNOWING HIS DUTY WAS TO RETURN TO THEM... NOW... HIS EMOTIONS SNARLED AT HIM FROM WITHIN... TOLD HIM TO RENT A CAR... GET BACK TO THE HOUSE... BACK TO THAT HOUSE TO FIND OUT THE TRUTH...









ON A SUNDAY NIGHT, MONDAY MORNING, THE 1st OF DECEMBER 1969, A SMALL WHITE VOLKSWAGON CAREFULLY INEVAS THRU THE SNOW-COVERED ROADS OF UPPER NEW YORK STATE.

INSIDE THE DRIVER WAKES UP...

OH!
JUST HAVE FALLEN SLEEP BEHIND THE WHEEL, LUCKY I DON'T HAVE AN ACCIDENT.

CAN'T HAVE BEEN SLEEP MORE THAN A FEW SECONDS... BUT WAKE A DREAM.

THAT HOUSE MY GOD THAT'S THE HOUSE IN THE DREAM.

GOD... THIS IS THE ROAD.

THERE IS A GRINDING OF ORGANS WITHIN WHITE'S MENTAL FACILITIES... HIS MIND TRIEST TO REASON... BUT IT CAN'T ACCEPT THE BARE-FACED UTTER LUNACY OF IT ALL... AND THE CAR CRASH OF THIS OCCASION WAS CAUSED BY ANOTHER ONE THAT PERHAPS, NEVER REALLY HAPPENED.

WHUCKKKK
WHAMMM
--KKAK

YOU OKAY?
ANYBODY HURT?
YOU ALONE?

GLASS WINDOWS AIN'T EVEN BUSTED
YOU OKAY?

OH
GOD.

GOODNIGHT OR WHITE, PLEASANT DREAMS...

... don't miss 'em or
you'll turn into
a degenerate vegetable ...



... THIS ...

... IS THE NEVER-TO-BE FORGOTTEN LIBRARY OF ...

BACK ISSUES

THE CRIME MACHINE



#1 ... \$2.00

#2 ... \$2.00



... CAN ANY DEAD PERSON EVER FORGET THE GUTTERS CHOKED WITH BLOOD - THE EXTREME YET NONCHALANT VIOLENCE ... IN THE RAW AND MAD CRIME MACHINE? PROBABLY NOT ... ONLY SOMEONE WHO HAS ACTUALLY SEEN THIS MAGAZINE OF INCREDIBLY STUPID PUNKS WOULD REALIZE IT DOESN'T BELONG ON ANY BOOKSHELF ... BUT THAT'S OKAY ... YOU CAN PUT IN YOURS IF YOU ORDER NOW!

... CAN ANY LIVING PERSON FORGET THE BIKE-RIDING SUPERHERO...THE HELL-RIDER... SCRIPTED BY GROTESQUE GARY FRIEDRICH? ONLY SOMEONE WHO HAS NEVER SEEN THIS POWERFUL AND DYNAMIC CREATION WOULD DOUBT THAT THESE TWO AND ONLY TWO ISSUES ARE PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS WHICH HAVE GOTTA BE IN EVERY BOOKSHELF ... IF THEY AREN'T IN YOURS THEY CAN BE NOW!

HELL-RIDER



#1 ... \$2.00

#2 ... \$2.00

... GET 'EM DIRECT

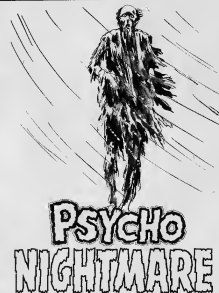
... ORDER NOW AND RECEIVE TOTALLY FREE 2 BENT, USED ONLY ONCE, SHINY METAL STAPLES WHICH WILL MAKE YOUR PSYCHO AND NIGHTMARE AND HELL-RIDER AND CRIME-MACHINE BACK ISSUES STAND-RIGHT-OUT ON YOUR LIBRARY BOOKSHELVES ...

... WHATEVER HAPPENED IN THE SKULL FOREST OF OLD EARTH? ... WHO WAS THE EVIL IN THE FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF VOODOO? ... DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE DAY THE EARTH WILL DIE? ... THE TRUE COLLECTOR'S LIBRARY OF THESE MAGNIFICENT COMIC MASTERWORKS IS NOW AVAILABLE TO YOU DIRECT FROM THE PUBLISHER ... ALL COPIES ARE IN MINT CONDITION AND ARE MAILED IN A STURDY GREY MANILLA ENVELOPE MINUTES AFTER YOUR ORDER IS RECEIVED ... NO LIBRARY CAN EVER BE COMPLETE UNLESS YOU HAVE 'EM ALL ... MANY HORROR-MOOD ISSUES ARE ALREADY SOLD OUT ... AND OUR REMAINING STOCK IS DWINDLING ... BEFORE IT OWINDLES INTO TOTAL OBLIVION ORDER THE COPIES YOU DON'T HAVE NOW ... IF YOU MISS 'EM NOW ... TOMORROW YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY 10 TO 20 TIMES THE PRICE ... AND YOU'LL HAVE NO ONE TO BLAME BUT YOURSELF ... ARE YOU A STUPID PROCRASTINATING CRETIN OR ARE YOU INTELLIGENT AND CAN ANTICIPATE THE UTTERLY GROTESQUE ALTERNATIVE TO ORDERING NOW? ... YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF YOU DON'T ORDER NOW? ... YOU WILL BEGIN TO SHUDDER A LITTLE ... THEN SLOWLY YOU WILL NOTICE YOURSELF BECOMING VERY NERVOUS ... AFTER A WHILE YOU'LL BEGIN TO HATE DAYLIGHT ... THEN NIGHTDARK ... THEN SOON YOU'LL HATE GETTING OUT OF BED AT ALL ... PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE TOTALLY BED-RIDDEN AND A HOPELESS DEGENERATE VEGETABLE ...

... DO YOU REALLY WANT THAT TO HAPPEN? DO YOU REALLY WANT TO BECOME TOTALLY BED-RIDDEN AND A HOPELESS DEGENERATE VEGETABLE?



#12 ... \$1.00	NOT YET
	NOT YET



THE ARCHAIC PUBLISHER —
SKYWALK PUBLISHING CORPORATION
18 EAST 41ST STREET, RM 1501
NEW YORK, N.Y., 10017

... DEAR ARCHAIC PUBLISHER ... I WOULD LIKE TO COMPLETE MY COLLECTION OF YOUR ARCHAIC MAGAZINES, AND HAVE SCRAMBLED AROUND IN MY POCKET, DRAINING IT OF \$_____ WHICH I'VE ENCLOSED FOR ...

NIGHTMARE _1_ _2_ _3_ _8_ _9_ _10_ _11_ _12_ _13_ _14_ _ANNUAL_ _WINTER SPECIAL_

PSYCHO _2_ _3_ _4_ _8_ _9_ _10_ _11_ _12_ _13_ _14_ _ANNUAL_

HELL-RIDER _1_ _2_ CRIME-MACHINE _1_ _2_ NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY AND ALL ELSE _____

... I ENCLOSE ALSO \$0.35 POSTAGE AND HANDLING, WHICH, UNFORTUNATELY, I REALIZE IS A NECESSARY EVIL ...



#12 ... \$1.00	WINTER SPECIAL \$2.
	NOT YET

...THIS... IS THE PIT...
INSIDE THIS PIT ARE VARIOUS MACABRE THINGS.
THEIR ORIGIN IS OBSCURE... THEIR NATURE
REPULSIVE AND UNEXPLOINABLE... THEY ARE
FRIENDS OF ALL SORTS... DISGUSTING
REPTILES... AWFUL THINGS BROUGHT FROM
CENTRAL EUROPE TO THE OLD WEST IN THE YEAR
1882 BY THE MAN **WERNER**... HE WHO IS AS
LUNATIC AS THEY.



...THIS... IS **ANTON WERNER**... HE IS OF
SOMEWHERE IN
CENTRAL EUROPE CAME
TO THESE UNITED
STATES TO SEEK FORTUNE...
HIS ORIGIN TOO
ARE OBSCURE...
ALTHOUGH HE SPEAKS
WITH A ROBUST VOICE
HIS MIND IS
GUTTERAL... HE IS
NOT LIKED BY HIS
CATTLEMAN NEIGHBORS
BOTH BECAUSE OF HIS
PROFESSION AND
RECALRE, SOMEDOWN.
HE CAPTURED THE
HEART OF THE MOST
BECHING GIRL IN THE
COUNTY... **MISS ANNABEL LEE**...



...THIS... IS **AMSTERDAM RANCH**...
NESTED IN THE FOOTHOLD OF THE ROCKIES,
IT IS PERFECT FOR RAISING SHEEP...
THERE IS MUCH ARGUMENT ABOUT THIS FROM
WERNER'S NEIGHBORING RANCHERS WHO ARE
DEDICATED TO CATTLE-RANCHING...



...THIS... IS MR. ANNABEL LEE...
...SHE KNOWS ANTON WERNER MADE HER LOVE HIM... THO IT IS
NOT HARD TO REASON WHY HE LOVES HER... SHE IS A
BEAUTIFUL AND SOFT WOMAN... WITH BLACK-DARK EYES THAT
BURST INTO YOUR BEAM AND MAKE YOU TRIP OVER YOUR OWN
WORDS... SHE IS THE BETROTHED ON ANTON WERNER... AND
WITHIN A FEW DAYS THEY ARE TO BE MARRIED...



...AND THIS...
...IS WHY ONE NIGHT THEY COME TO
SEE HIM TRY TO TALK TO HIM... ARGUE...
THEN FIGHT... DRAW THEIR PISTOLS AND
BECOME AS ONE TO BRUTALLY
PISTOL-WAMP HIM ACROSS
THE FACE...

**BEWARE IT... FEAR IT...
IT SCREAMS!**





...THE MORNING THAT FOLLOWS IS HORRIBLE FOR HER... HE BECOMES MORE INSANE WITH EACH LONG DAY... AND ACCUSES HER **WRONGLY** OF **ADULTEROUS RELATIONS** WITH EVERY RANCH HAND ON AMSTERDAM... YET SHE LOVES HIM AS SHE **ALWAYS** DID... A **BLIND LOVE**... A **PASSIONATE** LOVE THAT OVERLOOKS **ALL**...



...IT WAS THE KIND OF ACCIDENT THAT WARE BOUND TO BE SUSPICIOUS IN SUCH A RILEY TOWN... THE DAY THAT ANAKEL, WHO OUT RIDING ALONE... AND A **CATTLE** CHARGED TO SPOOK HER HORSE... AND **THROW** HER... NATURALLY SPOOKED...



...THEN CHERT AND SUTHERLAND TO WHERE SHE HAD FALLEN AND SLID THROUGH A VIBRIN IN HER LEG... BEFORE IT WAS BLOWN AWAY BY THE BULL OF AN OLD QUALITY RANCHER FIRED BY OLD RED KEEPER AN IMMIGRANT RANCH-HAND WHO STUMBLERD ONTO THE GHAZLY SCENE...





...ANTON WERNER AND ANNABEL LEE WERE MARRIED IN THIS LITTLE CHURCH ON A BRIGHT SUNDAY MORNING THAT SUMMER... OUTSIDE THERE WERE STILL BUMBLEDUMS FROM THE RANCHERS ABOUT HOW THEY MUST **HID THEMSELVES** OFTEN FORMER WITH HIS DIFFERENT AIDS AND HIS TINY SHEEP AND INSIDE, THE SMALL CONGREGATION WENT THAT SUCH A BEAUTIFUL CREATURE AS ANNABEL LEE SHOULD MARRY SUCH A TORMENTED MAN AS ANTON WERNER... AND ANNABEL'S PARENTS, WELL... THEY ONLY **CRIED**...

...AND LATER... IS THEY RIDE TO AMSTERDAM... SHE HAS A **PREMONITION** OF WHAT HORRORS SHE WILL COME TO KNOW AS HIS WIFE... THEY ARGUE ABOUT **AMSTERDAM**... HE MOANS AND **ANGRAINS** IN A DREADFUL SELF-PITY... AND THERE IS NOTHING SHE CAN DO BUT **LISTEN** TO HIS PETTY AND **SAD** RAVINGS!



...AND WHEN THE **SHADOW** APPROACHED THE MISERABLE CONFRONTATION **BEGAN**...

...OLD RED SUCKED THE **ROTTEN POISONED BLOOD** FROM HER LEG! TOOK OFF HIS SHIRT AND USED IT AS A **BANDAGE**... THE **NEW** ANNABEL FELT WAS TERRIFIC AND SHE WENT ON RED'S SHOULDER AND HE COMFORTED HER...



ANTON WERNER WAS **LIVID**...UPON DISCOVERING THESE TWO, HIS WIFE AND A RANCH-HAND, HE LEAPED QUICKLY TO THE WIDOWS CONCLUSION...HE STARED AT THEM FOR A MOMENT, THEN AS ANNABEL REALIZED HIS PRESENCE AND WENT TO HIM WERNER DASH A SHOTGUN FROM HIS SADDLE, HOWEVER, AND AIMED IT AT OLD RIG'S HEAD...



...AND TRIGGERED BOTH BARRELS BEFORE ANYONE REALIZED WHAT HE WAS DOING...THE SHOT ENTERED OLD RIG'S HEAD JUST ABOVE HIS LEFT EYE AND BROKE IT COMPLETELY OPEN...HIS BRAINS EXPLODED INSTANTLY AND INTO THE AIR...CHUNKS OF FLESH AND HOT BLOOD FILLED THE AIR FOR A MOMENT AS IT WENT IN EVERY DIRECTION...



...WE WATCHED AS THE THINGS CAME TO HER WITH THEIR TONGUES AND LAPPED AT HER FACE...SHE BEGAN TO SCREAM...



...ANNABEL THEN WOKE UP, AS WERNER DROPPED A SECTION OF FENCE OVER THE LID OF THE PIT, SO THAT IF SHE WAS ACCIDENTALLY FIRED BY THE RONG-BYING TEETH OF THE CREATURES IN THIS PIT SHE COULDN'T ESCAPE...

...WERNER OBTAINED A JAR OF IMPORTED EUROPEAN HONEY FROM HIS WIFE'S KITCHEN AND KNEELED BY THE EDGE OF THE PIT, POURING IT OUT TO HER...HE KNEW PRECISELY WHAT HE WAS DOING, TWO MORBIDLY WAS DOING, INCLUDING ANNABEL, KNEW WHY...

MY GOD ANTON...

ANTON... MY GOD ANTON...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING??

MY GOD ANTON
MY GOD MY GOD ANTON
I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU!!



...ANABEL LOOKED DOWN AT HERSELF COVERED IN OLD RED'S ALMOST STILL-LIVING BLOOD AND THEN SLOWLY LIFTED HER EYES AND SAW HER HUSBAND FOR THE MOMENT AND A MOMENT BEFORE SHE FAINTED.



ANTON WEINER WAS IN A MOUTH DISSEMINATED TO A TOTAL LUNATIC... THERE WAS SOME FOLKLORE REASON FOR THIS, BUT IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER WHAT IT WAS... HE TIED HIS BODY IN A LOOSE TO THE SADDLE OF HIS HORSE AND DECIDED TO TAKE HER TO THE PIT...



...AT THE EDGE OF THE PIT HE TOOK HER DOWN AND TIED HER TO A P. LUMI PRINCE POST... THEN HE WENT INTO THE RANCH HOUSE AND FOUND HER FIERCEST SISTER, WHOM HE BROUGHT TO HER; HE STRIPPED HER NAKED AND PUT THE CROSS ON HER, AND THEN HE LOWERED HER INTO THE PIT BY MEANS OF A ROBBER UP ROPE AND PULLEY...

...AND SHE CONTINUED TO HORRIBLY SCREAM AS THEY BEGAN TO DISOBER HER...



MY GOD OH GOD
OH GOD ANTON

WHY??



...AND SHE CONTINUED TO HORRIBLY SCREAM EVEN AFTER SHE DIED...

I LOVE YOU MY GOD MY
ANTON-- I LOVE YOU I
LOVE YOU!!

...WERNER WENT INTO HIS RANCH HOUSE AND LIGHTED A FIRE... NIGHT WAS NOW COMING AND AT NIGHT IT BECAME COLD IN AMSTERDAM... WE SAT BY THE FIRE LOOKING AT IT FOR QUITE A WHILE... WHAT WAS GOING THROUGH HIS MIND WAS DESPAIR... HE HAD BEEN REJECTED IN THIS NEW COUNTRY BY EVERYONE AND HIS WIFE WAS A MISERABLE AND DISHONEST PERSON WHO HAD DESERVED TO DIE... BUT NOW HE REALIZED HE WAS ALONE...



...NOT LONG AFTER HE WENT TO BED... HE COULD STILL HEAR HER WRETCHED SCREAMING INSIDE HIS HEAD... PLEADING SCREAMS: I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU... BUT HE KNEW SHE DIDN'T AND THAT LOVE WAS A TRICE...



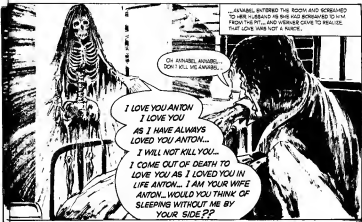
...THEN IT SEEMED TO HIM THAT THE SCREAMS WERE BECOMING LOUDER! (AND IF THEY HAD BEEN REAL IT COULD BE SAID THEY WERE COMING CLOSER)...



...AND WHEN THE SCREAMS ENTERED THE HOUSE HE JUMPED UP WITH A START... HE WAS TERRIBLY AFRAID! HIS MIND WAS SO DISORGANIZED BY LUNACY THAT IT WOULD NOT ATTEMPT TO MAKE SENSE OF THE MADNESS...



...HE GOT INTO BED AND TRIED TO SLEEP BUT ALL HE COULD SEE WAS STARS THROUGH THE WINDOW AND ALL HE COULD HEAR WAS SCREAMS IN THE AIR, AND HE COULD NOT SLEEP...



...ANNABEL ENTERED THE ROOM AND SCREAMED TO HER HUSBAND AS SHE HAD SCREAMED TO HIM FROM THE PIT... AND WERNER CAME TO REALIZE THAT LOVE WAS NOT A FAIRCE.

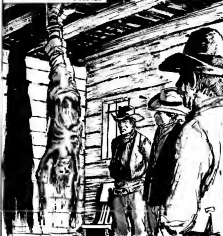
OH ANNABEL ANNABEL...
DON'T KILL ME ANNABEL...

I LOVE YOU ANTON
I LOVE YOU
AS I HAVE ALWAYS
LOVED YOU ANTON...
I WILL NOT KILL YOU...
I COME OUT OF DEATH TO
LOVE YOU AS I LOVED YOU IN
LIFE ANTON... I AM YOUR WIFE
ANTON... WOULD YOU THINK OF
SLEEPING WITHOUT ME BY
YOUR SIDE??

...WHAT HAPPENED AT AMSTERDAM RANCH THAT CILLY NIGHT IS
QUITE HARD TO SAY, BUT IT WAS **INSANE**... AND IT WAS
BRUTAL AND UGLY...



...WHEN THE TURNARDS CAME TO THE HOUSE IN THE MORNING TO REPORT THEY'D FOUND
OLD RED'S BODY IN AN AWFUL STATE, THEY DISCOVERED THEIR EMPLOYER HANGING FROM A
ROPE TIED TO A BEAM IN THE CEILING...



...WHAT STUNNED THEM WAS NOT HIS SUICIDE, BUT HOW THE PHYSICAL APPEARANCE OF
WERNER HAD COME TO **BE**... HE WAS **SHREDDED**... HIS BODY WAS SOAKED WITH
HORROR... THE HARDENED SCARS FROM HIS WOUNDS ONE MONTH BEFORE WERE TORN
OPEN... HE HAD BEEN PUNED AND CUTLINED AND BUTCHERED... AS ONE MAN SAID:
"IT LOOKS LIKE HE WAS KISSED BY A MOUNTAIN LION"...

...THEY NEVER FOUND ANNABEL...

...LATER WHEN THEY RODE IN THE PIT THEY
FOUND IT EMPTY; THIS LED TO SPECULATION
THAT IT WAS THE TRIMMER IN THE PIT THAT HAD
ATTACKED HIM... BUT IT WAS AN ASSUMPTION
NEVER PROVED BECAUSE THEY NEVER FOUND
THEM EITHER...

...THEY NEVER FIGURED OUT WHAT HAPPENED
TO THOSE THINGS THAT WERE IN THE PIT...
...AND THEY... COULDN'T... CARE... **LESS**...





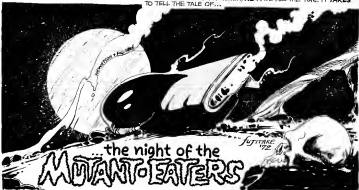
THE NIGHT IS DARK WITH SEVERAL WHITE SPOTS REPRESENTING STARS FILLING THE UNIVERSE AROUND TRADER-CRAFT **SUNBURST** ...WHICH SLOWLY WEAVES AND DARTS THROUGH THE MANY MACABRE WORLDS IT VISITS...

...UNTIL IT IS ATTACKED BY AN AWKWARD STORM WHICH PERFORATES ITS SKIN LIKE BULLETS... GLUTS ITS MOTORS WITH CHUNKS OF SPACE-SLIME WHICH CLOG THE FINELY WIRED COMPUTER-DRIVERS TILL THEY SLOW TO AN AWFUL **SHUNT**...



...THE SHIP IS SLOWLY DRAWN INTO THE NEAREST PLANET-PULL AND SUCKED INTO THE ATMOSPHERE... INSIDE **SUNBURST** THE CREW FASTEN SEATBELTS TO PREPARE FOR THE ULTIMATE, IMMEDIATE **CRASH** WHICH WILL **KILL** SOME OF THEM...

...WHOEVER WILL EJECT TO EMERGE FROM WITHIN THIS STEAMING CARNAGE WILL SHORTLY FACE AN ABSTRACT HORROR IT WILL TAKE A BIT OF TIME TO TELL... BUT UNLIKE THOSE MEN WITHIN, **WE** HAVE ALL THE TIME IT **TAKES** TO TELL THE TALE OF...



...SHORTLY THE
AVEN GATHER
OVER THE BURIED
BODIES OF THEIR
MATES AND LISTEN
TO THE COMMANDER
ISSUE A WARNING...

THIS PLACE IS UNKNOWN
TO US...IT HAS BEEN
AVOIDED BY TRADERS
AND SETTLERS...

...IN SHORT, GENTLEMEN...
THE SINGLE OCCUPATION OF
THESE PEOPLE IS **PROPAGATION**...WHICH THEY
MANAGE TO SUCH A
SUCCESSFUL DEGREE
THAT THIS WORLD IS
TERIBLY **OVERPOPULATED**...AND IN DANGER
OF IMMINENT
DESEUE!

LT. NIW INFORMS ME THAT THE SHIP
WILL NOT TAKE TOO LONG TO **REPAIR**...
IN THE MEANTIME HE WILL BE IN CHARGE
OF YOUR CONSTRUCTING A LARGE
COMPOUND!

WHATTA
CREEP!

YOU ARE NOT TO LEAVE THIS COMPOUND.
YOU ARE NOT TO HAVE ANY DEALINGS
WITH THESE PEOPLE...YOUR OB-
JECTIVE IS TO **REPAIR**
THE SHIP!

...SOON LT. NIW HAD THE COM. RIG
COMPLETED AND GUARDS POSTED...THE
ONLY EXIT ALLOWED WAS FOR FOOD
PARTIES...

ON SUCH AN OCCASION
THE MEN WITNESSED
SEVERAL CHILDREN
STALK A KIND OF
NATIVE BIRD...THE
SCENE WAS MACABRE...



...THEY CAUGHT THE BIRD AND RIPPED IT TO SHREDS...
EATING IT RAW...FIGHTING EACH OTHER FOR THE
CHOICEST BITS OF MEAT...



LT. NIW IS A MAN, HOWEVER, WHOSE INDIVIDUALITY FORBIDS CONFORMITY TO THE RULEBOOK (WHICH EXPLAINS WHY HE IS STILL A SECOND RANK OFFICER WHILE OTHERS OF HIS EXPERIENCE ARE COMMANDERS...LATE ONE BLACK EVENING, HE VENTURED OUT OF THE COMPOUND...HE CAME ACROSS A VILLAGE GROUPED AROUND A BONFIRE...THEY WERE WATCHING DANCERS MOVE LIKE LUNGS TO THE FRENZIED, BARBARIC MUSIC THAT ISSUED FROM 3 MEN MANIPULATING CERTAIN, ODD INSTRUMENTS...



LT. NIW'S EYES WAS CAUGHT BY ONE OF THE DANCERS...AS SHE MOVED...HER EYES DANCED AND FLICKERED IN THE FLAMES...HER WARM DARK SKIN RIPPLED WITH HER MOVEMENTS...SHE WAS DANCING FOR HIM...



...UUA...

...WHEN THE DANCE ENDED THE GIRL SLIPPED OUT THE CIRCLE UNNOTICED, AND CREPT INTO THE BUSHES WHERE NIW STOOD WAITING...AND WITHOUT NEED FOR WORDS THEY SOFTLY EMBRACED...

NIW...

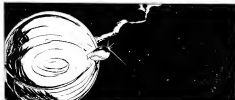
...THEY SPOKE FOREIGN WORDS TO EACH OTHER THRU THE NIGHT...AND LOOKED INTO EACH OTHER...AND BECAME IN LOVE WITH ONE ANOTHER...WHEN DAWN CAME NIW TOOK ULA BY THE HAND AND SLIPPED BACK INTO THE COMPOUND UNSEEN...



...ULA STAYED IN THIS PLACE 8 DAYS WITHOUT DISCOVERY...
SLEEPING WHEN CAME THE DAY...TOGETHER AS ONE WITH
NOW WHEN CAME THE NIGHT...



...ON THE 9th DAY THE **SUNBURST** PREPARED TO LEAVE...LT. NIW, UNDER
COVER OF NIGHT, TOOK HIS WOMAN, ULA, ON BOARD AND HID HER WITHIN
THE CORNERS OF HIS OFFICER'S PRIVATE CABIN...



...CAME THE 10th DAY THE **SUNBURST** FED ITS COMPUTER ENGINES
CERTAIN OBSCURE AMOUNTS OF OXYGEN AND CARBON AND THE LUNATIC
CRAFT LIFTED OFF THE SURFACE...SMASHED OUT THE ATMOSPHERE
INTO THE STARS...AND LEFT BEHIND THE PLANET THAT HAD BEEN
A PRISON FOR THREE AND A HALF WEEKS FOR 29 MEN...



...WHEN ULA REALIZED SHE WAS
PREGNANT HER FACE CHANGED...NO
LONGER WERE HER MOVEMENTS
GRACEFUL...AWFUL DRAGGED LINES
CREPT OVER HER FOREHEAD...HER
CHEEKBONES WERE DISTENDED AND
BLACK AND HER MIND THOUGHT ONLY
BLACK-DARK BROODING THOUGHTS...



IT IS NOT
GOOD I AM...
WITH CHILD...IS
TOO MANY
CHILD...

ULA--IT IS NOT THE
SAME HERE IN THIS PLACE...
IT IS NOT LIKE YOUR WORLD...
HERE THERE IS **ENOUGH** FOOD...
...BOOKS FOR LEARNING...
...SPACE TO **MOVE**...IT IS
NOT THE **SAME**, ULA!

...IT BECAME NECESSARY FOR THE COMMANDER TO BE INFORMED OF ULA'S PREGNENCY BECAUSE OF HER PREGNANCY...THE SHIP'S DOCTOR WAS NEEDED TO HELP GIVE BIRTH...

...YOU IDIOT!...YOU STUPID, INCONSIDERATE, STUPID MAN... DON'T YOU REALIZE THE RISK YOU'VE TAKEN? THESE PEOPLE ARE MUTANTS, NIW...THEY ARE DISEASED EVEN UNTO THEMSELVES...DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THIS CAN MEAN?

GOD--YOU IMBECILE! I SHOULD BUST YOU FOR THIS... Y'KNOW I REALLY SHOULD...WELL, TAKE HER TO THE SHIP'S DOCTOR...SEE WHAT HE CAN DO FOR HER!

...YOU REALLY ARE STUPID, NIW...MATING WITH ONE OF THESE PEOPLE...YOU SAW THE CONDITIONS ON THEIR WORLD...IT WAS CAUSED BY CERTAIN GENETIC PROBLEMS--NOT JUST MENTAL ATTITUDES...I HOPE THE DELIVERY GOES WELL! ULA HAS THE SAME ESSENTIAL MAKE-UP OF US BUT... THEY ARE A FEW DIFFERENCES...SHE IS A MUTANT EVEN ON HER OWN WORLD...SHE MAY DELIVER AN OFFSPRING WHICH IS GREATLY DEFORMED...

...NIW GRITTED HIS TEETH AND SAID NOTHING...IF ULA WAS TO HAVE ALL THE COMFORTS HE WANTED HER TO HAVE HE'D HAVE TO JUST ACCEPT THE BIGOTRY AND ABUSE...JUST STAND QUIETLY...AND...ACCEPT IT...



CAME THE NIGHT OF THE BIRTH...
NIN STOOD NERVOUSLY, THOUGHT-
LESSLY, AMIDST FELLOW OFFICERS
OF THE **SUNBURST**... HE HAD TRIED
PACING AND DRINKING... THE BOURBON
NEARLY CHOKED HIM... AND THE
OTHERS HAD ORDERED HIM TO STOP
PACING... HE WAS MAKING **THEM**
NERVOUS...

IN THE MIDDLE OF
THIS NIGHT THE
DOCTOR CAME
RUNNING IN...

YOU OUGHT TO
BE THROWN INTO
CENTERSPACE, NIN!

WHAT IS THIS?
WHAT HAPPENED?

43 OFFSPRING!!
...43 PERFECTLY
FORMED NORMAL
OFFSPRING
FOR GOD'S
SAKE!!

NORMAL?

IDIOT IS RIGHT...
THIS SHIP CANNOT
POSSIBLY SUPPORT 43
CHILDREN... CAN NOT
AND WILL NOT!

NOW LISTEN
...I'VE TAKEN
ALL THE...



MY GOD,
NIN...

WELL, THEY DON'T
WEIGH MUCH... ABOUT
A POUND EACH... BUT
THEY'RE **HEALTHY**...
THEY'LL SURVIVE...

ULA IS
DEAD!

ULA!







...THE TRADER
SUNBURST STILL GLIDES
THROUGH THE MANY
WORLDS OF THE UNIVERSE BUT
NOW IT HAS NO ORDAINED COURSE... INSIDE
A LOT OF BODIES LIE IN DEATH--29 CREWMEN
AND OFFICERS...43 CHILDREN OF STARVATION...
ONE DAY A SPACE-STORM WILL CLOG THE FINELY WIRED
MOTORS OF THE SUNBURST AND THE SHIP WILL SLOW TO A
MACABRE SHUNT...AND THEN IT TOO WILL DIE...

... in **PSYCHO #18** the at-large editors proudly announced **THE GREAT GARGOYLE EGG CONTEST** ... you readers were invited to submit reasons WHY you WANTED gargoyles eggs ... in 25 words or less ... we were DELIGHTED by the MANY entries, and are awarding out 10 prize gargoyles eggs on the basis of IMAGINATION ... which made it TOUGH to select 10 winners, because y'all were STARTLINGLY IMAGINATIVE ... and as testimony to that we're taping out editorial/winner page in this ALMIGHTY-IMPORTANT IMAGINATION-STAGGERING BRAIN-SHRIEKING FIRST WINTER-SPECIAL into a ...

... Special Awards Page ... The Great Horror-Flood Gargoyle Egg Contest ...

... our 10 winners have already received in the mail a special congratulatory letter from the at-large editor, along with a small water-proof cardboard box containing their gargoyles eggs ... it should be noted right here and now, however, that these eggs will probably NOT hatch ... the reason for this is SIMPLE ... it is SIMPLY NECESSARY for them to be hatched by their MOTHER, or in her absence, by a registered-wetnurse-gargoyle ... the UTTER RARITY of the later professionally-trained, wretched practitioners make the whole probability unlikely ... sorry 'bout that ...

in the probable event they DON'T hatch ... they make EXCELLENT paperweights ...

winner number 1
(whose entry was also the first received) **GON PARKER**
of Wilton Park, NEW YORK

... with utmost dispatch, I did take the timeous task to the bathe's spurlins and did find much to my unspeakable horror, a most awful sight ...

... venly ... wasn't it not a malicious miserie from that agent of the unspeakable which I saw did holdeth in my very hands, and which my eye so tremblyly read? As ... forsooth ... maye belov'd charge hast gone ... DONE!

... and in its place there didd remain only the remnant of ransom none, demanding the one thing which I were beyond even mine pederose powers to present! Yes ... the very egg of the great gargoyle, herself! For days I sunk to the depths of despair, as I fully knew that if I could not soon come up with that taste of colice, mine belov'd pet would very be slaughtered ... in cold blood!

... but not ALL is lost ... recently whilst I did devour the 10th issue of **PSYCHO**, I so fortuitly came across your men concerning the recent egg ...

G. HARRIS TO MINE MOST HUMBLE PLEA ALMIGHTY ONES, AND IMPART TO MINE ARDOR WITH UTMOST DISPATCH ONE OF THOSE SCARCEST OF TREASURES THAT I MAY ONCE AGAIN BE UNITED WITH MY BELOVED BEAST ... BUT M.A.K.E.T.H. HASTE! ALAS, IT MAY ALREADY ... be too late ...

winner number 2 **ERIC OISEL**, of WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA

... I'd like a gargoyle egg for a VERY good reason, that being ... my gargoyle wife is sterile ...

... we have been married now for 3,057 years, seven months, and several days ... the only thing we have ever asked for is a baby gargoyle to cherish our days and run our family matters ... if I should I say when you send my wife and I a gargoyle egg, we promise to take poor care of it and keep it away from good influences like **PSYCHO** and **NIGHTMARE** ...

magazines, when it hatches ...

winner number 3 **WENDY DELAMATER** of Woodstock, NY (Melroe)

... my story begins on another world, in another time and place, before anyone here had ever thought about being The rulers of the world Tharon were mighty gods, cruel and merciless to those whom the heaven's favored ... Such were Roma and myself Roma was born the son of the great king Talsold and soon the time he was born the people loved him ... He was a born ruler, the kind of person that is both wise and just and when Talsold died Roma took the throne ...

Naturally the gods were angry. They believed themselves to be the true rulers of our world and did not want anyone but those they favored to be happy ... In fact, the people were NOT happy. To remain in favor of the gods you had to do their work every hour of every day and they were constantly scheming on new ideas ...

Norvik was the worst of these so called gods. He commanded Roma to homage to him, and when Roma and I would not we were banished one fateful night to the far reaching depths of the galaxy. This is how I became part of your world as this place you call Earth. Somewhere out there is Roma ... I know not ...

announcing the **ASYLUM** issue ...



Asylum

You have nothing to lose
but your mind.

the next **PSYCHO #12** is a very special all lunatic issue featuring **LUNATIC PHONIC**, the **WASP**-curried-lunatic, in **"AND THE WORLD SHALL SHUDDER"**, and a special photo-review of **Cosmetan's** exceptional new screen-screen feature: **ASYLUM** ... **PSYCHO #12** is the TOTAL madness issue, in the **HORROR-MODD** tradition ...

the only 12 years of age ... the pains passed ...

... my father was the King of the other world on that far away planet and his greatest wish was that the two worlds combine for the greatest power and happiness for everyone ... Talsold had shared that idea, so when Roma was 18 and I but 16 we were wed, NEVER was I happier; it was as if all the good fortune everywhere had shined on us ... One of our many presents was a gargoyle's egg ... they were known to have strange mystical powers benefiting those who were in possession of the egg ...

WHERE when we were banished there was only one way we could RETURN to each other and the place we were born ... through the "mystical powers" of a gargoyle egg. Please help me ... this is my last hope ... every day I grow weaker on your earth, and to stay young on a planet that grows old (which ours does not) takes much strength. Without YOUR help I don't believe Roma and I will EVER see our homeland again ... **WONT YOU HELP US?** ...

winner number 4 ... **JOANIE ADRIAN** of Englewood, New Jersey (ESMERALDA 1)



I would like a girl to go to play on Gasmodor's **tree** in life and **and** were the **stern** gro-
squares of **Nettie** Dame.
Dashed by rain, only to be
flashed by man, they shared
the place of **eggs** **Perfection**,
to gliding **the egg** on the
satch-back's resting place, the
marble of **LOVE** can daily
society and to **hatch** **Re-**
ference, the egg will hatch and
once again be **friend** he
was taken **fractious**, **friend**
hardness, and **died** **friend**
Saw for **Andrew**, **Miss** and
Seward, **Peace**.

Editor 5 Freaky FRANK
TURNER of Kentworth, NEW
JERSEY

I want a gargoyle egg because I think gargoyles are NEAT, especially Edward, Michael the Kid.

... I want a gargoyle egg
because I would put the egg
in my gargoyle egg incubator
and watch it every day until it
hatched. Then, after it hatched
I train my little gargoyle to
be my poetry teacher (he's a
poor death).

That would satisfy my
sated mind. CONSIDERAREX

inner number 6 JEFF
CALL of Kinn Park, N.Y.

... I want a gargoyle egg because it would be fun to SHOW it to people. And if it looked like I would stick it on people I don't like and, ... maybe ... it'd become another BILLARD.

linear number 7 Weid.
Mid and Washed-up WADE
JAMBERT of Coppens Cove,
Texas



Mrs. and Edward Sartorius

then

is 'honorary' membership member

GRUESOME GAHAN WILSON



GAHAN WILSON is the contemporary master of the cartoon-magazine. His features appear regularly in **PLAYBOY**, the **NATIONAL LAMPOON**, the **GAMBOULE GAZETTE** and other weird periodicals. We couldn't publish a photograph of Gahan because they don't allow cameras in his asylum, but he swears the little guy pictured is a sub-consumer. The big cartoon is original, unpublished, and is especially for **POPEHENTHREE** readers. . . . Our thanks to this extraordinary artist for his work for many years for his journalistic contributions, which make **PLAYBOY** so-in-fun, ho-ho-ary member of the **HONORROLL-WOOD-TEAM**.



... I hope all this is covered by my BLUE-CP0553

NIGHTMARE books, even if it didn't hatch it'd be a very good conversation piece and would have a great value in antique.

WINNER number 9 . . . Sooby
hatch BOB BURNS of Ridge-
wood, NEW YORK

... I want a gargoyle egg because I love bacon and eggs and coffee and toast every morning for breakfast. I use ALL kinds of eggs, including ROACH and SPIDER eggs, since I have PLENTY of the aforementioned in THIS asylum. I MIGHT-AS-WELL try a gargoyle egg ... variety is the spice of death.

turn is the Grand Winner #10
ARTHUR KERINS of
Queens, NEW YORK

... Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gargoyle
I am told the egg probably
won't have a baby in it because
it's so OLD however... may-
be you could send me one of
your TEETH or something
INSTEAD... so you won't
raise your baby too much
I mean after all what kind of
a LOUSY PARENT would I make
I'm only 6 and-a-half years
old and the egg is over 4000
already!

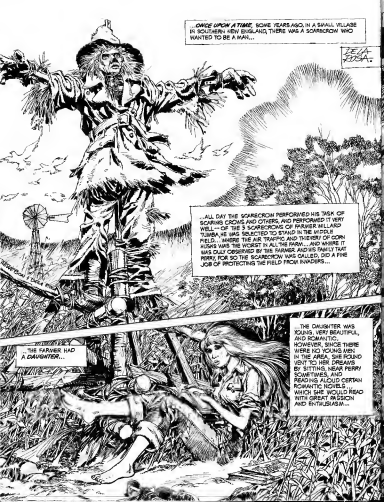
... out thanks to all the OTHERS who entered... there will be ANOTHER contest soon... THE OFFICIAL HORROR- MOOD CROSSWORD PUZZLE CONTEST appearing in an upcoming-shady REGULAR ISSUE... (this is not

THIS army, as a result of
Don Parker, Don Parker
can name his pet, Eric Diesel
and his wife can have a gar-
goyse skeleton in their home.
Post, Wendy Delatorre can
be visited with Roma Joanne
Adrian, who will have a gargoyle
watch for Quaker's and a small
Frank Turner will considerably
zesty he warped mad Jeff
Galt will have a gargoyle-
Willard, Wade Lambert will
have a machine art to help
him with cemetery Gary
Anderson will have an accident
watch-gargoyle, Bob Butts
will have a change-of-ward
plan at breakfast, and 6-and-a-
half year old Arthur Karine will
for a male, if not bad
for a male context where
the successful accounts were
fighting over a bunch of little
gargoyle pebbles.

-ARCUIAN-

RLE





...ONCE UPON A TIME, SOME YEARS AGO, IN A SMALL VILLAGE
IN SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND, THERE WAS A SCARECROW WHO
WANTED TO BE A MAN...

LEIA
ROSSA

...ALL DAY THE SCARECROW PERFORMED HIS TASK OF
SCARING CROWS AND OTHERS, AND PERFORMED IT VERY
WELL--OF THE 3 SCARECROWS OF FARMER MILLARD
TUMBA, HE WAS SELECTED TO STAND IN THE MIDDLE
FIELD...WHERE THE AIR TRAFFIC AND THIEVERY OF CORN
HUSKS WAS THE WORST IN ALL THE FARM...AND WHERE IT
WAS ONLY OBSERVED BY THE FARMER AND HIS FAMILY THAT
MORNING, FOR SO THE SCARECROW WAS CALLED, DID A FINE
JOB OF PROTECTING THE FIELD FROM INVADERS...

...THE FARMER HAD
A DAUGHTER...

...THE DAUGHTER WAS
YOUNG, VERY BEAUTIFUL,
AND ROMANTIC.
HOWEVER, SINCE THERE
WERE NO YOUNG MEN
IN THE AREA, SHE HAD
TO VENT TO HER DREAMS
BY SITTING NEAR PERRY
SOMETIMES, AND
READING ALOUD CERTAIN
ROMANTIC NOVELS,
WHICH SHE WOULD READ
WITH GREAT PASSION
AND ENTHUSIASM...

PERRY BECAME IN LOVE WITH JUDY...



HE WAITED FOR HER TO COME AND SIT BESIDE HIM AND RE-LOVE AND OVERSHARED EACH MOMENT HE WAS NEAR. **WOW**, PERRY WAS NO FOOL-- HE KNEW HE WAS A SCARECROW, AND HE KNEW THAT JUDY ATTACHED NO MORE IMPORTANCE TO HIM THAN SHE WOULD TO ANY OTHER GATHERING OF STICKS AND STRAW...

...AND SO, WHEN CAME THE NIGHT PERRY CRIED...



...AND THE NIGHTS GREW LONGER AND COLDER, AND AS WATER APPROACHED, PERRY LONGED FOR LIFE... LONGED TO FEEL THE TOUCH OF A WOMAN... LONGED TO BE NEAR THE WOMAN HE HAD CHOSEN TO CALL HIS OWN... HIS JUDY...

...AND HE CAME TO FEEL THAT CERTAIN THINGS IN THIS WORLD WERE NOT ENTIRELY FAIR... THAT IT IS THE RIGHT OF EVERYONE TO BREATHE AND TO LOVE...

WHETHER MAN OR SCARECROW..

...AND SO, WE START OUR TALK...

ONE MORNING PERRY LOOKED DOWN AND SAW AN OLD MAN SLEEPING BY HIS FEET... AS HE WATCHED, THE OLD MAN MOVED HIS HEAD AND PERRY SQUINTED IN HIS EYE... AND SAID:



... GOOD MORNING PERRY...

... I AM THOMAS CARLVE, YOUR FARTY GODFATHER, BUT BY FULL TIME PROFESSION I AM AN ALCHEMIST...



...I AM HERE TO GRANT
YOU 3 WISHES...

...THE FIRST OF WHICH I CAN
EASILY ANTICIPATE IS THE GIFT OF
SPEED... WHICH, WITH
CORRESPONDENT FRUGALITY,
WITH WHICH I PROPOSE TO PROVE
MY ABILITY AS WELL AS MY
SINCERITY, I HEREBY
ACCORD YOU...

...I... CAN...
SPEAK...

...EMINENT,
CONCISE, AND
ACQUATE...



...NOW ALONE
PERRY BEGAN TO
BELIEVE THAT
THERE IS INDEED
SOME JUSTICE
AND FAIR PLAY
IN THE DEALINGS
OF THIS WORLD...

FIRST, I MUST
GO AND SEE
JURY...



I'M AFRAID I
DON'T KNOW JUST
YET...

...NOW PERRY...
THINK CAREFULLY...
TAKE YOUR TIME... WHAT
ARE YOUR OTHER
2 WISHES...?

...TAKE YOUR
TIME...

...I ONLY
HAVE 2...
WISH?

...ONLY 2...



...PERRY THOUGHT
VERY CAREFULLY,
AND IT SEEMS
NATURAL THAT
HIS FIRST, OR
RATHER HIS
SECOND, WISH,
WAS FOR LIFE...

...SO
GRANTED...

DO I HAVE TO MAKE
MY THIRD WISH
RIGHT AWAY?



...YOU HAVE KNOCKED
OVER MY APPLICANT SR...

...ON THE WAY
TO SEE JURY, AS
HE WALKED
DOWN A NARROW
RURAL ROAD,
PERRY CAME
ACROSS A MAN
PULLING A CART
OF APPLES...

I AM INDEED SORRY
FOR MY ANXIOUSNESS
MR. I AM NOT YET
USED TO WALKING...



...I WISH FOR LIFE...

...I WISH TO BE A
HUMAN BEING...

...I WISH TO BE A HUMAN BEING
FOR ALL ETERNITY...

...I AM A HUMAN...

NO, YOU MAY
WAIT AS LONG
AS YOU WANT.

HOWEVER, I
SHOULD CAUTION
YOU I AM AN
OLD MAN AND
MIGHT DIE AT ANY
MINUTE NOW, SO
I ADVISE YOU NOT
TO WAIT TOO
LONG...



...I WISH TO THANK
YOU SIR... ER...
MR. GARLITE...

I AM
HONORED THAT
YOU SHOULD
NAME YOUR THIRD
WISH SO GRACEFUL
A SUGGESTION
PERRY.

...OH NO...
NO NO NO...
THAT ISN'T MY THIRD
WISH... THAT WAS
ONLY A FIGURE OF
SPEECH... I DIDN'T
MEAN IT AS A WISH
SIR...

...KIMPE...
PLEASE BE MORE
CAREFUL, THEN...



NOTHING YOU ARE A
FOOL... I SHALL NAME
YOU ANY FOR YOUR
GUINNESS...

...THEN THE MAN CONTINUED ON HIS WAY
AND LEFT PERRY LYING ON THE GROUND
WITH HIS LEGS IN SHARDS...



...OH... THE
PAIN...

...BUT I SHALL NOT
WASTE MY 3RD WISH
BY NAMING IT WELL.



...WELL...

...I SUPPOSE THERE'S
NO POINT IN HANGING
AROUND HERE ANY LONGER...
...I'LL LEAVE NOW...
WHEN YOU ARE READY FOR
YOUR WISH, MERELY
VOICE IT OUT LOUD AND
IT SHALL BECOME A
REALITY...

...THANK YOU
SIR...

...PERRY DRAGGED HIMSELF ALONG THE ROAD TO
THE FARMHOUSE... WHERE JUDY SAW HIM
CRAWLING INTO THE DRIVEWAY AND BEGINS IN
LOVE WITH HIM AT ONCE... AND SOMEWHAT
ATTENDED TO HIS LEGS...



...OH I LOVE
YOU SO...





...THE TRACTOR BECAME QUITE OUT OF CONTROL AND PERRY COULD NO LONGER STEER THE VEHICLE... IT GATHERED SPEED AND ROLLED OVER THE FARMLAND BOUNCING PERRY ABOUT AND CREATING NO END OF TROUBLE FOR HIM...



...I HAVE NO CHOICE...

I MUST MAKE MY THIRD WISH NOW...



I WISH...

...I WISH THIS HAD NEVER HAPPENED...

...BUT THE TRACTOR CONTINUED TO ROLL OVER THE FIELDS OUT OF CONTROL...

WHAT'S WRONG?

I SAID: I WISH THIS HAD NEVER HAPPENED!

DON'T YOU HEAR ME MR. CARLUS? I WISH I'D NEVER MET YOU... I WISH I HADN'T WOODCOCK OVER THAT MAN'S APPLE CART... I WISH I'D NEVER SEEN JUDY... PLEASE!

...DON'T YOU HEAR ME? THAT IS MY WISH!



...BUT THE TRACTOR CONTINUED TO ROLL OVER THE FIELDS OUT OF CONTROL... AND PERRY WAS ALLOWED NO WISH... FOR HE HAD WAITED TOO LONG... THE OLD MR. CARLUS, HIS AS - HIS FARTY GODFATHER, HAD IN THE MEANTIME DIED... AN HIS WISH WAS AS A WISH TO THE WIND.

...BUT THERE IS ALWAYS PROVIDENCE...



...AND SO ENDS THE TALE OF PERRY THE SCARBOROW... AN UPSIDE DOWN ENDING PERHAPS, FOR PERRY NEVER EXPECTED THAT BY CAREFULLY BIDDING HIS TIME AND BY THINKING CLEARLY HE WOULD BE DEALT WITH SO HARSHLY BY FATE...

...THERE ARE SEVERAL MORALS TO THIS TALE... BUT PERHAPS THE LEAST IMPORTANT ONE OF ALL. IN ANY EVENT EVERYONE HAS HIS PLACE IN THIS WORLD... AND THAT IS THE MEANING OF JUSTICE... WHETHER FOR MAN... OR SCARBOROW...

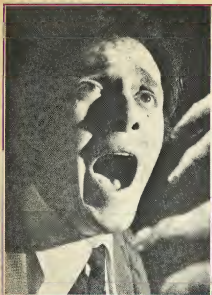
...R.I.P. PERRY...

... this ... is NIGHTMARE 12 ... the SWAMI issue ... featuring 'I AM DEAD: I AM BURIED' ...



... this ... is PSYCHO No. 12 ... the ASYLUM issue ... featuring 'THE MAD-DOLL MAN' ...





... SCREAM ...

- ... What ever happened to *Nosferatu*?...
- ... Who is *I, Slime*?...
- ... Why... *Beware The Dawn's Early Light*?...
- ... Where are *The Vampire Letters*?...
- ... When does *The Thing In The Box* Kill?...

...when you know the answers you will Have To...

... SCREAM ...

... the Answers are Disturbing, Weird, Grotesque ...
 they come from the maniacal mind of America's master
 of the comics-macabre ... *Archate Al Hewelson* ...
 they pour out of the pens of these Powerful Graphic
 Artists: *Cintron - Zesar - Gual - Domingo and*
Borrell ... under a wretched cover by *Ken Kelly* ...

... do you Know how to ...

... SCREAM ...



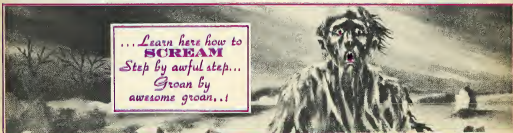
... We will teach you
 how to ... **SCREAM**

to know *Horror* is
 to know how to

... SCREAM ...



... Learn here how to
SCREAM
 Step by awful step...
 Groan by
 awesome groan..!



... it's coming soon in the
SKY WALK HORROR MOOD

SCREAM

... unless nothing not ...